

Hans Kremler's Anniversary

The Black Cat

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December 1900

Hans Kremler's Anniversary.

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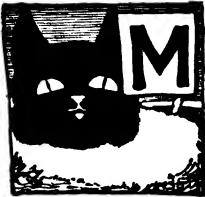
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Hans Kremler's Anniversary.*

BY ELISABETH F. DYE.



RS. JOE KREMLER sat in her rocking chair on the little platform that extended across the front of the toll house, and, with its arbor of honeysuckle and wistaria, did duty as a veranda. Her husband's half-patched trousers lay upon her knee and her basket of mending sat beside her, but the usually busy hands were folded idly, and her rocking chair, that was wont to swing in rhythm to her stitches while she worked, rested motionless. In the quiet of the September afternoon the autumn haze shadowed the distant valleys and wreathed the hill tops in a warm and tender mist. From the field across the road came the sound of the reaper and the faint calls of the men to their horses, as they moved down the hillside, leaving a path of lighter green in the sea of fragrant clover; faint calls that seemed to accentuate the dreaminess and quiet that brooded over all.

Across the distance of the field Mrs. Kremler could just distinguish the figures of her little daughters of five and seven years, who, with joined hands, followed with careful though

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* The writer of this story received a cash prize of \$800 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending March 31, 1900.

joyous steps directly in the wake of the mower on which their father was mounted, guiding the horses up and down the somewhat steep hillside. Mrs. Kremler twisted her hands hard together for a moment as she noticed, when the mower reached the top of the hill, how stooped and old her husband's stalwart figure looked, and she caught her breath with a half-sob as she saw the gleam of the white marbles in the country churchyard on the hill beyond, and remembered that at last year's September mowing her husband's figure had loomed straight and tall against the sky when he neared the hill top, and behind him, guiding the rake, rode proudly for the first time little Hans. Little Hans, her first child and her only son; how clearly during the last eight months had the stones of that little graveyard gleamed out in her perspective!

She took her thimble and resumed applying the patch, but the sight of the white stones on the far away hillside was too much for her, and she dropped her head on her knees and sobbed aloud. Not since the first shock of the blow had her loss seemed harder to bear than this afternoon; for little Hans's birthday came on just such a day as this, nine years before. The wonder and joy of that time, when she had first held him in her arms, came clearly with the breath of the clover from the field across the way, and made the emptiness and the loneliness the harder to bear. Her little girls she loved dearly, but they were not like Hans, her first-born; the glory that had come into her life with her first child could never be equalled — never be forgotten — and the memory of his approaching birthday brought a grief too poignant for her to bear. Only to have him back once more, only to see him once, not for her sake alone, she prayed, but also for Joe's sake. For it seemed sometimes to the little woman that she had lost both husband and son, so great had been the change wrought by grief in Joe.

From the jolly, merry-hearted husband who, although years older than herself, had shared her every joy and pleasure, Joe had grown to be a stern, repressed and moody man, who sometimes looked as though the laughter of the little girls hurt him, and who went no more among his fellows, and hardly responded to his neighbors' greeting. Even the little church where they had worshipped knew him no more, and while he never spoke of his

reason for giving up his church-going, Jenny well understood the hardness that had come into his life. She dared not beg him to go with her when she started with the little girls on Sunday morning, but left him with a look upon his face that somehow reminded her of the limestone rocks that rose above the road where the quarry had once been. As she wept with bowed head and thought of the approaching anniversary, a sense of the unreality of the last months came unconsciously over her, and as the breath of the grape and the sweet odors of autumn that sun and the first light frosts distil and render into the balm of Indian summer stole in upon her, it seemed finally that there must be some way to bring the old time back again — some way in which they might think of the little Hans with joy — so that the thought of that awful night with the croup, and the hour in the frozen graveyard that followed would not be the last in their memory of him.

Though Jenny Kremler had listened obediently to the preaching in the little Church of the Disciples upon the hill upon all the Sundays of the last eight months, her mind had never grasped those heavenly promises and dreams with which the old minister had sought to comfort her. From the pew where she sat she had looked out through the window upon the little grave-mound that held so much of her life, and had been able to realize nothing beyond it. And to-day her mind turned from the thought of the minister's words of angelic choirs with a start of something like the old joy to the thought of little Hans back in his old place again by her side in the sunshine — and she ceased weeping and sat erect, while a sudden flush rose to her brown cheeks at the thought that came to her. After the dull longing of the past months for all those vanished cares which a child brings into one's life, the thought of this one more duty, which would almost seem to bring his presence again, came with a throb so strange and sweet that it brought almost a smile to her eyes.

She finished her patching with trembling fingers. Then, when she had put her work away, she took a white apron and hoisted it on a pole on the fence across the road, which was her way of signalling to the little girls when they were in the field or at the tobacco barn with their father.

A few minutes later, when they came tumbling in, breathless

from running down the hill, she had put her sunbonnet on, and placed in a basket the six pairs of curtains that she had "done up" for Mis' Ellie up at The Place. Down underneath the starchy freshness of the ruffled swiss, in the bottom of the big basket was a little one, containing a bag of flour, a cupful of brown sugar and two eggs. "Now, Emma honey," she said to her eldest girl, "I'm goin' to take Mis' Ellie's curtains home, an' you and Maggie nus' jus' sit here on the step an' take the toll till I come back, an' put the kettle on, honey, so's I kin git supper when I git back."

After which parting injunction, she climbed the stile that led into the orchard belonging to The Place and began the ascent of the somewhat steep hill. Usually this hillside climb was a matter of several rests, while she looked about her and unconsciously breathed in the beauty of the old orchard, with its gnarled trunks and heavy fruitage; but to-day she walked rapidly, unconscious of her heavy basket, for she was thinking of what old Aunt Mandy, the black cook of Mis' Ellie's had told her about the birthday cake she had made for Mis' Ellie's nephew.

When Jenny Kremler had come from the mountain region, a bride of eighteen years of age, ten years ago, with her husband, to keep the toll gate on the Perry road, she had looked with an awed and somewhat reverential admiration at the big house on the hill top, at the foot of which the little toll house stood.

Since then her respect and admiration for the mistress of The Place had grown, and her love for her knew no bounds, for in every extremity Mis' Ellie had stood a guardian angel. When her children had come, their scanty wardrobe was enlarged from the laid aside wardrobe of Mis' Ellie's children. When the tobacco crop had failed, Mis' Ellie had always found work for Joe or herself, and when Joe had the fever it was Mis' Ellie who sent for her own doctor to come and prescribe for him. In little Hans's last illness, it was she who was sent for in the dead of the night for advice, and who had performed all those tender offices for the little child, and essayed to comfort the grieving little family. So that it had become a habit to go up to The Place for help or advice of any sort, and old Mandy, the cook, was never surprised to find her sitting patiently on the kitchen porch waiting to be

announced. To-day, however, she had no need to wait, for as she came up the path from the orchard, she saw on the veranda just outside the kitchen door Mrs. Payne, sitting surrounded by baskets containing large and luscious pears, which she was peeling and transferring to a waiting kettle of polished copper, while through the open door of the kitchen issued the savory odor of cooking fruit, and old Mandy could be seen busily stirring two large kettles of preserves over the fire.

"Howdy, Mis' Ellie," said Mrs. Kremler, rather faintly, aware for the first time of the heaviness of the basket and the weariness of the climb, "I done fotch home you all's washin'."

"Why, Mrs. Kremler, you look tired; why didn't you wait and make Joe carry it for you?" said Mrs. Payne, looking up from her work, and noticing keenly how tired and worn the little woman looked.

"Well, Joe he's over mowin' Mr. Jack's meadow, and besides, I wanted to fotch them myself, fer" — then, rather hurriedly and in a somewhat lower tone — "I'm goin' to give Joe a surprise, Mis' Ellie. Is you'uns all well?"

When Mrs. Payne had responded that they all enjoyed their usual health, and when Mandy had left the enormous ladle, which she had been wielding so energetically, poised on the side of the kettle, and had gone up the long veranda and into the house with the basket of curtains, Mrs. Kremler turned uneasily on the step on which she sat, so that Mrs. Payne could not look into her eyes, and after contemplating for a moment the frolics of a couple of kittens at her feet, said in rather a low voice, "I don't want no pay for them 'ar courtains, Mis' Ellie; I jus' want yer ter do something for me."

"Don't want any pay, Mrs. Kremler! Perhaps I can do that something for you and pay you for the curtains, too."

Mrs. Kremler turned her face farther from Mrs. Payne as she said, "Mis' Ellie, do you know what day day after to-morrer will be?" 'Twill be little Hans's birthday."

"So it will, Mrs. Kremler; I was thinking that it came just about this time as I saw you coming up the path," replied Mrs. Payne, eyeing with tender pity the fingers that were nervously working at her bonnet strings.

"Then you didn't fergit, Mis' Ellie—I was afraid you had. Mis' Ellie, if I done thought we'd ever fergit, hit would drive me mad. I jus' puzzle over it every day how we kin remember little Hans; that is," she said stumbly, "keep a-remembering him, so's we don't fergit him, you know, and there don't seem no way 'cept jes' to set and think about him. But Mis' Ellie, I do want to remember his birthday, to show him respect, and so I thought if you could git Aunt Mandy to make a birthday cake like the one she done tole me she made Mr. James when he wus at home, we could remember his birthday that-a-way. You know I allus killed a chicken and cooked it with plenty of gravy an' give him a good dinner, but he never did have no birthday cake; I didn't never know about birthday cake tell Aunt Mandy tole me 'bout that-a-one of Mr. James's, an' that was only this summer."

"A birthday cake for your little boy that is dead, Mrs. Kremler!" said Mrs. Payne, hardly believing her ears. She said it almost reprovingly, but as Jenny turned her face and she saw the signs of sorrow there, her voice faltered in reproof—it was evident that she did not understand.

"Yes'm, you know he never had none, Mis' Ellie; hit happened I didn't know about them then — hit would a jus' tickled him. I kin jus' seem to hear him laugh when he'd see it. If I'd only a-knowed it I could hev giv it to him afore he died; seems like there's so many things I could have done fer him that I jes' found out this summer sence he's gone, that don't do him no good now, and sometimes I can't see why I didn't happen to find them out afore. But the birthday cake I want to hev; hit ain't too late to show him that respect, and if"—and her voice broke and large tears rolled slowly down her cheeks—"if it's as the minister says, an' he kin look down, he'll be mightily pleased; and maybe he wouldn't fergit us up there along with the angels."

Mrs. Payne did not respond for a minute. She was thinking of her own first-born, and the things she had learned after it was too late, and her heart went out to this poor little mountain woman.

"Certainly, my dear Mrs. Kremler, Mandy shall make you a cake, and you and your husband and children can eat it in remembrance of all the other days when you all sat around the table. I will send it down to you to-morrow."

"Oh, thanky, ma'm!" said Jenny, gratefully. Then, continuing timidly, "I ain't fotched only two eggs, Mis' Ellie; them are all I could git. I don't see why them 'ar hens don't lay no more'n they do. I don't have no call to make cake, only doughnuts, but I ain't never hearn of doughnuts for a birthday cake, and a real cake will be such a s'prise to Joe. He ain't took no pleasure lately. I ain't hear him laugh since summer."

"Huccome you brung dem aigs up here in de same basket 'long wid dem curtains, Mis' Kremler?" said Aunt Mandy, returning with the little basket poised on her capacious hand, "Don't you know dem aigs gwine git mixed up wid dem curtains an' spile 'em?"

"Wuz they broke?" asked Mrs. Kremler, anxiously.

"No, dey ain't, but if I hadn't 'spicioned dey wuz somethin' in dere long wid dem curtains, frum de rattlin', dey would a broke when I set de basket down."

"Aunt Mandy," said Mrs. Payne, "Mrs. Kremler wants you to make her a nice cake to-morrow, just the nicest cake you can make."

"I never could make no nice cake like you, Aunt Mandy, an' I thought if you'd make me one like that 'ar one you made for Mr. James's birthday last summer, I'd sew up your dress fer you, an' I won't charge you nothin'."

"Law, honey," said Aunt Mandy, "I'll bake you a cake, if Mis' Ellie will let me; hit ain't nothin' bakin' cakes. I'm goin' t' bring dat cake down to you ter-morrow, Mis' Kremler."

It was late on Saturday afternoon when Aunt Mandy wended her way down the pike toward the little toll house. On her extended hands she carried the cake, carefully wrapped and swathed about, and borne much as a young baby might be; and Aunt Mandy walked with much the same air of pride that a fond mother taking her offspring out for one of its earliest airings might have done; while hanging over her right arm was the purple calico gown pattern which, in view of the fact that the cake was so complete a success, she had decided to ask Mrs. Kremler to cut out for her.

"Howdy, Mis' Kremler; I jus' come down to fotch dis yer cake," was her salutation, as she entered and deposited her burden upon the table. "I wouldn't trus' hit to none of dem chillern to bring;

dey would be takin' pinches off'n around hit, jus' lak dey did from de aige of Mis' Julie Payne's weddin' cake, dat I baked her and sont dem to carry home; dat's whut dey did," she reiterated forcibly as she unwrapped the linen bread cloths from around the cake. As it appeared, a marvel indeed of smooth and shiny whiteness, encrusted about the edges with roses made of icing, showing Aunt Mandy's most artistic touch, Mrs. Kremler's eyes grew big with delight; it was beyond her expectations.

"Dat ar' cake dun tuhned out fust rate," said Aunt Mandy, with pride. "I done tole Mis' Ellie dat hit wuz good enough fer a weddin', but Mistus said hit wuz fer a birthday cake, an' she sent along dis yere can'le to stick in de middle ob hit jus' dis-a-way," and she placed the candle with great care in the middle of the white and shining mound. "Mr. James he dun hab little can'les all around his'n, one can'le for ebery yeah he dun growed, an' a big one lak dis in de middle fer to grow on, but Mis' Ellie said you don't want only dis-a-one fer to show dat hit is a birthday cake."

"Must I light the candle?" asked Mrs. Kremler.

"Law, honey, you mus' light the can'le afore you cah'y de cake in, an' you mustn't fotch hit in untwell dey finished eatin'; den you mus' cah'y hit in an' tell dem hit is a birthday cake. I done tie on my white apron and cah'y Mr. James's cake in myself, an' dat 'ar Susan dat waits table thoughten she gwine cah'y hit in, an' when I come in I sets hit in front of Mr. James, and he cut hit, and dey all laugh and cah'y on; but hit wasn't no purtier nor no bigger dan dis-a-one."

"I ain't never seen no cake ez pretty ez that-a-one," said Mrs. Kremler, looking at it admiringly. Over and over in her mind she was thinking lovingly, "How pleased Hansie would 'a' been, how it would 'a' pleased him." Then, when Aunt Mandy had carefully wrapped the cake up, she carried it into the pantry, covered it with a basket, so that neither Joe nor the children would see it, and turned her attention to cutting out the purple gown.

When Jenny Kremler woke on the next morning, her first thought was of Joe, and she wondered whether he remembered what day it was, and whether he would speak of it to her; for since the day, months ago, when he had put his hands up implor-

ingly when she had spoken of little Hans to him, crying, "O Ma, I can't bear to talk about it!" they had not spoken of their loss. And when he came in this morning from feeding his cow and Mr. Jack's pigs, she only said, "It's goin' to be a fine day, Pa," and he replied, "Yes, the sun's come up clear; I reckoned last night that we'd have rain to-day, but it's done blowed by."

By noon Mrs. Kremler's mind was in a flutter of excitement. There was no preaching to-day, therefore there was no meeting to attend; so she busied herself all the morning in preparations for dinner. Now it was ready. Her table, on which white marbled oilcloth usually did duty, was to-day covered by her only white tablecloth. A bunch of asters that the children had brought in graced the middle of it. Her fattest pullet, the last of the lima beans, and her best preserves augmented the feast.

It had been a harder day than she thought it would be. Joe had gone, just after the morning's work was done up, to the pike, with that strained look upon his face that she felt almost fearful of. The children had gone up to Mis' Ellie's to the Sunday School class she always had on those days when there was no preaching; and she had had the little house to herself. If Jenny Kremler, pondering at times over her sorrow, had ever felt that the day might come when she would not be able to recall with any distinctness the features and gestures and endearing ways of her little son, she had almost reason to wish, during those two hours, that memory might not be so continually sharp as it was to-day.

So continually was that shadowy small figure by her side, so clearly in memory came the other mornings in years gone by, when he was wont to follow her about as she was busy with her household cares, that she dared not encourage herself in the thought of him. To let her memory have full sway had meant a giving way to grief so poignant that she could not recover her calmness. As the day wore on she became braver; for Joe's sake, and Emma's and little Maggie's she would be brave, she told herself; and now that the hour of festival had arrived she was almost cheerful.

When Emma had pulled the chairs up to the table, as it was always her duty to do, Jenny called to little Maggie, "Run and tell pa that dinner is ready." But as they took their places little Maggie came in wondering. "Pa says he don't want no dinner,

an' he ain't comin' in; an' I tol' him we doin' to have chicken for dinner, too."

Jenny went to the door; outside on the front platform Joe was sitting. "Come in, Pa, to dinner," she said.

"I ain't comin' in, Jenny," he said, not trusting himself to look.

"Come in an' set down, Joe — you ain't used to goin' 'thout your meals, an' it ain't good fer you," she said gently. He followed her in and sat down.

"Ain't them there asters pretty?" said she, quite cheerily, as she tied Maggie's bib on and sat down in her own place. "The chillern gathered them in the meadow ez they came from Sunday School." Then Joe helped the plates and they were fairly started with their dinner. Jenny looked up to see that he was eating nothing, and sat moodily watching her.

"Ain't you goin' to eat none of the chicken, Joe? It's just like we used to hev it," she said quite gently, at the same time reaching across the table and supplying his plate generously.

"It's awful good, Pa," said Emma. "I know why we dot chicken an' 'zerves," said Maggie, "'cause dis is my bruver Hansie's birfday. I bet if he knowed we wuz doin' to hev chicken, he'd wish he wuz here, wouldn't he, Ma?"

Joe drank his coffee at one gulp and pushed his chair back. "I guess I don't want no dinner, Ma; I'll go outside and smoke my pipe," he said, quite huskily.

Jenny regarded him with quite piteous eyes. Was he never to be able to hear that beloved name? Must he always be so lonely in his sorrow when it was hers to share? "O Joe, I wish you'd set with us tell we're done," she said, pleadingly. He looked at her gravely, and seeing the moisture in her eyes, said, with gentle patience, "I'll set here if it pleases you, Ma."

"I don't want you to go tell I show you the s'prise I've got for you; hit's to come last of all, but if you ain't goin' to eat no more dinner, we'll hev hit now. The chillern's most done eatin' anyhow."

She pushed back her chair in a little excited way that reminded Joe of her girlhood days, and went hastily into the pantry.

In a moment she returned bearing in her hands, held high in front of her, the cake. Above it the burning candle twinkled in

the breeze that moved the muslin curtains back and forth. The children and Joe stared speechlessly while Jenny walked slowly but triumphantly to the end of the table and set it down. Through the open window the voice of a dove broke the silence, while Jenny waited a moment; then she said lovingly, "Ain't hit jus' lovely?"

Still Joe looked at it dully. He was not well to-day, he thought, and somehow, as he pushed his hand across his eyes and looked at the shining whiteness, he could think of nothing but a snow-covered, frozen little mound glistening in the February sunshine.

"What is it, Jenny?" he asked, sharply, a sudden pallor showing through all the sunburn.

"Why, don't you all know what it is? It's a birthday cake!"

"My, ain't it pretty?" whispered Emma.

Joe was very white. His voice came thick and slow as he said, turning a stern face to his wife: "You an' I ain't got no call to be hevin' birthday cakes on such a day ez this, Jenny. Things is changed fer us now frum what they used to be. We ain't got no call to be rejoicin'. What we had we ain't got now—an' we ain't no reason to act ez though we hed."

Did Joe so misunderstand her? The tears were dropping from her eyes so that she could hardly see to cut the cake.

"It ain't that we're rejoicin', Joe; I know that we ain't got no call to rejoice. Hit's because hit would please him; hit's in respect to little Hans." The last words came in almost a whisper.

The little girls sat silent, with wide-open, wondering eyes. It was a painful moment. Could Joe so misunderstand her, and she be so unequal to explain? She bent her head to hide the tears as she pushed the knife into the cake and cut several slices; then she lifted a piece on it and extended it towards Joe. His face was white, and he shook his head in a sort of despair.

As Jenny stood looking piteously through her tears and wondering dimly how she could make him understand, through the silence, with the note of the complaining dove from the orchard, came into her memory the trembling voice of the old minister, as he was wont to stand on Sunday morning behind the communion table, stirring her beyond herself, and her manner became as one might expect of some high priestess ministering the rites of her

shrine, as she again extended the portion of cake to Joe, and said with a gentle insistence, "Take; eat; do this in remembrance of him!" Her face wore a rapt expression as she waited a moment; then, continuing with gentle authority, she said: "It's his birthday cake — that's why we hev it, to remember him by, just like he wuz settin' here eatin' it with us. We ain't talked about him none, Joe, because hit's been that hard, but we're goin' to more now, because hit makes hit seem more ez if he wusn't gone, an' hit makes us remember that, if he is gone, we had him for eight years, an' that's something to remember."

Great tears were rolling down Joe's face as he reached forth and took the piece of cake. He put a part of it into his mouth, swallowing it with an effort; the remainder he pushed tenderly into his pocket, keeping his hand about it. Then he arose and flung himself through the door.

Jenny tenderly handed the little girls each a piece of the cake, then she followed Joe out into the yard. Down through the grape arbor they walked and into the orchard.

When they came back the early twilight was falling; the little girls came out to meet them and walked, one on either side of them, back to the house.

After the children had gone to bed and the evening's work was done, Joe turned to his wife, who was sitting by his side on the bench on the little platform, and said, looking across the valley at the mist fast enfolding the hills, "It's purty here, ain't it, Ma?"

"Yes, Joe," she said.

"I wuz thinking this morning that I'd sell out and go West. I told Jim Graeme that I'd sign to-morrow, after I'd spoken to you about it, but I'm goin' ter tell him in the morning that I won't. We couldn't go, Jenny." His arm slipped around her tenderly as she cried, "We couldn't go so far from the churchyard, Joe."

After a while he said: "That 'ar lighted can'le on the cake looked jus' like a star shinin' in the dark."

"That's what it reminded me of, Joe," said Jenny, softly.



Doctor Goldman.*

BY DON MARK LEMON.



HE diamond would have made Egypt's Queen humble."

"My God, it is Doctor Goldman!" I exclaimed.

Haufman was grasping the table cloth, half dragging it from the table.

"It was at Fehzeh, in the summer of '74."

Haufman blanched at the date.

"I had met Major Putman and one Lieutenant Haufman at Bombay."

I reached across the table and grasped Haufman's arm. I, Major Putman, was sitting with Lieutenant Haufman at a private dining table in a restaurant at New Orleans, while, from the adjoining table, shut from our view by a curtain, came the voice of Doctor Goldman, who was murdered and buried in the summer of '74 at Fehzeh, India. "The diamond would have made Egypt's Queen humble" were the very words he had spoken an hour before we found his murdered body concealed in the brush behind the bungalow of our Indian host.

"Lieutenant Haufman told me of a lost diamond in India," continued the voice; "a stone four hundred and fifty carat fine, the brilliancy of which rivalled that of the 'Pitt.'"

For a moment Haufman leaned against the table and the beating of his heart shook the plates; then he drew back and held up a warning hand. The voice went on:

"I was amazed at Haufman's knowledge of precious stones — in handling them he seemed conversant to his very finger tips — and when he spoke of the great size of the lost diamond I did not discredit him, for his knowledge of precious stones gave support to his words; and, in conclusion, I agreed to fit out an expe-

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* The writer of this story received a cash prize of \$100 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending March 31, 1900.

dition for the recovery of this lost diamond, Lieutenant Haufman assuring me that he knew the exact spot where the diamond had been lost, and only a lack of funds had kept him from recovering it many months before."

"Haufman," I said, in low and deliberate tones, pointing to the curtain between us and the invisible speaker, Doctor Goldman, "if I were to lift that curtain —"

"No, no, my God, no!" said Haufman starting up.

"If I were to lift that curtain," I repeated, "there would be nothing behind it."

I realized the folly of my words the moment I had uttered them, but they could not be unsaid. My susceptible and high-strung friend had fallen to the floor.

I lifted him up and faced the curtain between me and — the murdered Doctor Goldman — with the Lieutenant in my arms.

"So," continued the voice, "taking Major Putman into the party as a third representative, for he was a brave soldier and there was great danger to be faced, we left Bombay and travelled about one hundred miles north-east to the village of Fehzeh."

Haufman was not unconscious, as I thought, for suddenly he whispered, "He was dead when we found him in the brush, and when we buried him his body had begun to decompose. If you lift that curtain —"

"Haufman, you are unnerved and had better leave this place," I said, realizing how deeply my friend was moved.

"We remained at Fehzeh three days, then Major Putman, Haufman, and myself, accompanied by an Indian youth, left the village and hastened to the ruined temple where the diamond was supposed by Lieutenant Haufman to have been lost. Lost; no, it had never been lost. It had been stolen and concealed there. I realized this the moment I came in sight of the temple, and noticed Haufman's familiarity with the ruins."

"'Tis false," whispered Haufman, "false. I had never crossed the ruins before. False as the cheat behind that curtain. Bah, I was a fool to think him the murdered Goldman. A cheat, a fraud, a trickster, who has stolen the secret facts of that journey, and, apprised of my wealth, seeks to defame my character for gain. I will unveil him with my own hands."

He started forward to lift the curtain, when I checked him. "Did you ever tell any one of our journey to that Indian temple, or its purpose?" I asked.

"Never," he said, drawing back from the curtain.

"Nor did I," I replied, "and Goldman was found murdered a few moments after our return to Fehzeh, making it impossible for any one to have learned of him the purpose of that journey."

"My God," groaned Haufman, with dry lips, "it is Doctor Goldman."

"We had no sooner reached the ruins," continued the inexorable voice, "than a tropical storm broke upon us, almost sweeping us from our feet. Yet, despite the fury of the elements, Lieutenant Haufman quietly called the Indian to his side, fastened a rope about his waist, and bade him descend a narrow excavation beneath the temple and bring therefrom the diamond."

"After a few moments had passed the youth returned. Balancing himself on a shattered pillar he opened his hand. There, in his palm, bare of any wrappings, lay the splendid jewel."

"Then suddenly the diamond glowed like a ball of red fire and, even as we looked, a blue vapor arose from the youth's outstretched hand, and it was empty."

"I started forward, when a sheet of lightning seemed to fall upon my head, and ere I could utter an exclamation the charred and blackened body of the Indian youth fell at my feet."

"One bolt of lightning had consumed the diamond and a second had blasted the youth beyond all likeness to a human being."

It was the murdered Doctor Goldman speaking; there could be no doubt of it now. I turned to Haufman. He was grasping his chair to keep from falling. He paid no attention to me as I went forward and took his arm, but with bent and straining head waited for the words that should come from behind the curtain.

"We took up the Indian's body," continued the voice, "and carried it back to Fehzeh on a litter, veiled from our sight by green boughs dripping with the rain."

"Arrived at the village, Major Putman explained to the natives that the Indian youth had been struck by the lightning, while, at the same time, I drew Lieutenant Haufman aside into the brush back of the bungalow of our host, an Indian physician, and de-

manded an explanation as to his peculiar knowledge of the diamond and the place of its concealment."

Again I looked at Haufman. He was not trembling now, but his whole body was stiff with tension as he bent forward in that intense listening attitude.

"As I questioned Lieutenant Haufman," continued the voice, "he grew insolent, then suddenly demanded to know if I thought that he had stolen the diamond and concealed it in the ruins of the temple. I bluntly replied that I believed him a thief and a trickster.

"Even as I spoke he drew his sword and stabbed me to the heart!"

During the latter part of this speech I had stolen forward to the curtain so as not to miss a word, but now I suddenly wheeled around upon my companion. A terrible light had broken upon me. It was Lieutenant Haufman who was last with Doctor Goldman before his death. It was Lieutenant Haufman who had fixed the crime of murder upon a native, innocent in every eye but his own. Was it Haufman who had murdered Doctor Goldman?

A moment our eyes met, then, half falling across the table, Haufman cried out, "For God's sake, don't lift that curtain."

I turned half around, clutched the curtain, and drew it aside.

The dining-room before us was empty.

No one had left that compartment, yet to make doubly sure I swept aside the curtains about me and looked out into the open aisle of the restaurant.

There was no one there but a colored waiter. I called him to me and enquired who had just retired from the compartment adjoining my own. He stared, and pointed at the table. Then I saw that the table was set, prepared for a guest, and had not been disturbed.

I paid the bill and led Haufman to my hotel. I had never liked the man, though business had long bound us together. However, I would see that he had justice.

Then arose the question, Was Doctor Goldman alive? No; had I not helped to bury him with my own hands after decomposition had set in?

What, then, was I to make of the voice I had heard, and the

speech that could have proceeded only from the lips of the murdered man?

There could be no trick, I well knew, for the knowledge of that journey to Fehzeh and its secret purpose was lodged in but three memories — the memory of the murdered Doctor Goldman, Haufman's and mine, and knowing this I saw no escape from the conclusion that the dead had spoken.

At about ten o'clock that night some one knocked at the door of my room. Haufman started up from the book that he was vainly endeavoring to read and demanded, "Who is there?"

The answer came distinctly, "It is I, Doctor Goldman."

I believe I never saw such horror as was depicted in the countenance of Lieutenant Haufman at these words.

I arose from my chair and softly leapt to the door. Turning my face from the panels so that my voice would seem to one outside to come from a distance, I also demanded, "Who is there?"

"It is I, Doctor Goldman."

Instantly I turned the handle and opened the door. I was confident my visitor would not escape me.

There was no one there and the hallway was empty.

As I stood near the threshold, I distinctly heard some one pass me and enter the room. I wheeled around and filled the doorway with my body to prevent the visitor's egress.

Haufman also had heard the visitor enter and stood in the centre of the room with a painful listening fear in his regard.

Slowly the visitor made the circle of the room, following closely the four walls, but he was invisible to our straining eyes — a horrible presence in our midst and nothing more.

Again he made the circle. We heard his light foot-fall on the carpet and his calm breathing.

He passed me for the second time and again circled the room. What was his purpose? Could it be that he intended to circle Haufman thus through all the long hours of the night? My God, would he hold Haufman in that charmed circle until the unfortunate man was dead of exhaustion or fear!

Once again the unseen visitor circled the room, but this time he did not approach me as closely as before. Was it that he was fearful of my presence? I thought for a moment that he was, and

my courage began to rise, then suddenly I realized the meaning of the change.

Haufman also understood.

The murdered Doctor Goldman was slowly narrowing the circle and approaching his murderer.

When the circle was completed — what then? Would the murdered man stand visible, face to face with Lieutenant Haufman, and condemn him with unsealed lips.

My body grew cold as ice, and I seemed to be chained in the doorway to witness this act of retribution devised and executed by — the dead.

Slowly the circle narrowed; inch by inch the unseen visitor was approaching Lieutenant Haufman. His light foot-falls were like the muffled ticking of a clock that measured out the moments preceding the doom of a man in the chair of execution.

Then he made the last circle and stood before Haufman.

For a moment there was no sound — each had ceased to breathe. Then, slowly and distinctly, from the lips of the unseen visitor, came the words:

“I am the spirit of the murdered Doctor Goldman. Come with me.”

Another moment and the blood seemed to burst from my very finger tips. I rushed forward to where Haufman was standing. His eyes were wide open, staring directly before him — at what?

I touched his arm. He was dead, and in a moment his body fell to the floor at my feet.

For days and days I lay at the home of a friend, raging of Doctor Goldman and Lieutenant Haufman. The tragedy, coupled with malarial poison I had contracted in India, had induced brain fever, and it was fully a month before I was entirely rational.

Then followed a long period of convalescence, during which, day and night, waking and sleeping, I endeavored to solve the mystery that had prostrated me. for I could not bring my mind to believe that the dead had spoken.

But all was in vain, and I realized that the explanation — if the appalling mystery could be explained — must come from outside of myself.

A month after I had quit the home of my friend, I received a

letter bearing the postmark of the English postoffice at Fehzeh. Feverishly breaking the seal, I opened and read the following extraordinary communication:

MAJOR PUTMAN,

Dear Sir:—Lieutenant Haufman, who died at your rooms on the 3d of October last, suffered a just death, and that at the hands of one who both is and is not the murdered Doctor Goldman.

"Strange," you exclaim. Yes, exceedingly strange; but true.

In brief, I myself, an entire stranger to you and no less a stranger to the unfortunate Doctor Goldman, am Doctor Goldman who was murdered at this village in the summer of '74; but I am Doctor Goldman only between the period that Doctor Goldman left Bombay in your company and the company of the treacherous Lieutenant Haufman up to the moment that Doctor Goldman was murdered by the said Lieutenant Haufman.

Since and previous to that time I am and was an American legerdemainist and traveller, and in no way related to Doctor Goldman, the murdered German savant.

At Fehzeh, India, in the summer of '74, I was accidentally shot through the head and lay at the bungalow of an Indian physician, presumably at the point of death.

As I lay unconscious a Doctor Goldman was found murdered and brought to the very house where I was at the time. In the night the Indian physician waiting upon me secretly removed a quantity of the brain substance, tissue and bone from the skull of the murdered Goldman and grafted the wound in my head with the same.

Under the gifted and skilful hands of my Indian physician this extraordinary operation proved a complete success; but, most wonderful of all, when I had fully recovered I found myself endowed with a memory of events outside of my own life; in fact, the memory of the events in the life of Doctor Goldman between the time he left Bombay and the moment of his death.

It was some time before I could realize the meaning of this abnormal memory, but, when I had grasped its full import, I, out of a passionate desire to punish a guilty man, immediately followed you and Lieutenant Haufman to New Orleans, and, by the art of ventriloquism, threw my voice into the dining compartment adjoining yours in that restaurant where I had frequently seen you two Englishmen dine together. Had you lifted the curtain to the right instead of to the left you would have found me in person.

I also threw my voice against your door the night Haufman died, and by the same art of ventriloquism, practised from an adjoining room, seemed to be in your midst.

A part of the brain of Doctor Goldman being grafted to mine, I was endowed with so much memory as was seated in that part, although there is the alternate belief that my Indian physician—by some psychic power unknown in the West—discovered the life of Doctor Goldman between the time he left Bombay and the time of his murder, and hypnotized me with that knowledge, perhaps to use me as an instrument of vengeance against the murderer of the unfortunate Doctor.

After the test in the restaurant, I knew that Lieutenant Haufman was guilty, and so followed him up to his deserved death.

Trusting that this will re-establish your health and bring you peace of mind, I remain, my dear Major Putman, the incarnated memory of Doctor Goldman—and an American legerdemainist and traveller.

C. B.

I tore and burned the letter. Then I deeply regretted it.

The handwriting might have proved to have been that of the murdered Doctor Goldman.



The Hooligan Claim.*

BY H. A. CRAFTS.



THE county jail at Graycliff was an odd affair. By some its architectural conception was considered a stroke of genius. The plan was suggested by Commissioner Boyd, who was something of a crank. However, his worst enemies admitted that he had a good idea now and then. Mr. Boyd in his lifetime had seen rock quarried from the mountains at an immense expenditure of labor, transported long distances, shaped into blocks by much tooling, and then laid up into masonry walls. Seeing that the town of Graycliff jutted up against a fine, large ledge of limestone he did not see the utility of quarrying out a great mass of stone and shaping it into a jail, while the same amount of labor would quarry a jail into the ledge just as well, and the jail would be so much stronger that there would be no comparison whatever with the ordinary jail.

The ledge had given the town its name. It was in fact a cliff, with its perpendicular face fronting the east, and its crest towering at least a hundred feet above the level ground that formed the town site of Graycliff. When Commissioner Boyd unfolded his scheme before the board, it was received with but slight favor. The other members smiled at first, then shook their heads slowly and sagely. The plan was so novel that the mind of an ordinary county official was hardly capable of absorbing it. But Mr. Boyd expatiated so brilliantly upon the many advantages of the plan that he finally brought his fellow-commissioners over to his way of thinking, and by some judicious sounding of public opinion it was found that the citizens of the county were also favorable to the plan. The immense superiority of such a jail over one constructed in the usual manner was at once recognized, and the board, fortified by the almost universal approval of their constituents, sub-

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mitted Mr. Boyd's plan to the county attorney. That official returned an elaborate opinion, to the effect that the cliff was clearly a portion of the public domain, but could not very well be filed upon as agricultural land, as there was not a foot of arable soil upon it. He accordingly suggested, and was duly authorized by the board, to file a mineral claim upon it, running to John Smith, the then acting sheriff of Carbonate County.

The rock which composed Graycliff was found upon trial to be easily quarried. At first a circular room about ten feet in diameter was excavated. This was called "The Rotunda" and for a time it served for the incarceration of such few malefactors as found themselves ensnared within the meshes of the law in Carbonate County. Then, as the demand for room increased, "Corridor No. 1 North" was started, and as this progressed, cells were excavated one after another as they were needed. The cells were located between the corridor and the outer face of the cliff, the walls on all sides being left at a thickness of two feet. An opening between each cell and the face of the cliff, about two feet square, was cut, in order to admit light and air. These were heavily grated with steel bars in order to make them secure. The entrances from the corridor were secured by heavy steel doors. The jail became all that Mr. Boyd's fervid imagination had pictured for it. It was convenient and secure, and no culprit, once incarcerated within its adamantine walls, had ever escaped. This class of individuals were facetiously called "Cliff-dwellers."

The cost of construction was greatly reduced by the large amount of penal labor expended upon it. While the law did not impose hard labor upon the involuntary inmates of Graycliff jail, those who expiated their crimes within its walls were permitted to shorten their time of service by a little wholesome muscular exercise, and as it happened that many miners and quarrymen were numbered among them, much skilled labor was secured without expense to the county. Whenever there occurred an extra demand for cells, contracts were made with professional stone workers, and executed with due diligence.

Among those who had more than once suffered duress in this substantial bulwark of the law was an incorrigible named Tim Hooligan, a burly son of the Emerald Isle, whose besetting sin

was an inordinate love of whiskey. Tim was a miner, and when not in the clutches of the law, worked in the mines in a distant part of the county. In a drunken brawl he had knocked down a man with a beer glass and was now serving a sentence of six months in expiation. Tim was tractable enough when in jail, but, like the majority of his race, was "agin the gov'ment" and always went around with a chip upon his shoulder. While suffering incarceration, Tim always preferred work to idleness; not that he was particularly desirous of shortening his term of service, but because the *ennui* of prison life became almost unbearable unless he had some occupation. So he was set to work on the extension of the North corridor. As the work progressed the débris was hauled out at the main entrance of the jail and thrown over the dump. Tim was an expert miner and could judge of the nature of a piece of rock by external appearances about as well as any man living. He was now working almost alone, for a spasm of virtue had about emptied the Carbonate County Jail. He worked in a leisurely way, smoking his short pipe and breaking out now and then in a stave of some rollicking Irish ballad. From time to time, as he dumped his car, he would examine a piece of rock, but this was largely from force of habit.

One day Tim made certain measurements at the end of the corridor, and informed the sheriff that the excavation had progressed far enough for the beginning of another cell, and that official, to oblige Tim, told the latter to go ahead on the cell. But before the work had proceeded far it was discovered that Tim's time was out, so he shook hands with the sheriff and walked away. It was noticed, however, that he did not depart as usual for the mines, but hung about town, and for a wonder kept quite sober. He was also seen loitering about the court house, where he spent some time poring over records. One day he offered a document for record, which proved to be what is known in mining law as a "location certificate." This certified that one Timothy Hooligan had on that day located and claimed a certain mining claim, by right of discovery and location, to be known as the "Hooligan Lode," with all its "dips, spurs, angles and variations," with all the metes and bounds duly specified. But the recording of this class of documents was such a common occurrence that Tim's filing caused not

so much as a single comment, the clerk receiving and recording the document in the most perfunctory manner possible.

But when Tim appeared at the sheriff's office the next day the sheriff was not a little surprised to see him. Tim greeted the official with somewhat studied formality and requested his ear in private. When the door of the inner sanctum had been closed the sheriff motioned Tim to a chair.

"Mr. Cheruff," said Tim, quite solemnly, "it becomes me on-pleasant jooty to requist ye to vacate."

"Vacate! Vacate what? cried the astonished official.

"The counthy bashtile."

"The county what?"

"The counthy bashtile; the counthy jail, Mr. Cheruff."

"Why, Tim! what do you mean? Have you gone crazy?"

"Divil a bit of it, Mr. Cheruff; I've joomped the claim."

"Oh! I guess not."

"An' I guess yis."

"But the claim's all right, I tell you," cried the sheriff, emphatically.

"Have yez a patent?" asked Tim, not a bit disconcerted.

"Why, yes; that is, I suppose the county attorney has one in my name."

"Hadn't yez betther make shure av it?"

"Well! Well! Tim, I must look into this. Please excuse me," and the sheriff seized his hat and rushed out.

Sure enough, Tim had jumped the claim whereon the jail was located, and in law his claim was valid, for the county attorney had neglected to carry out the commissioners' instructions. So the next thing was to secure some kind of a compromise; and after considerable jangling Tim consented to lease the jail privileges to the county at an annual rental of one thousand dollars, reserving the privilege himself of operating his mine for the first year through Corridor No. 1, and a contract was entered into to that effect.

Hooligan, while at work on the extension of Corridor No. 1, had struck one of the richest veins of copper ore in the West, and a year afterwards sold out to the great Copper Trust for the neat sum of one hundred thousand dollars and is now leading the life of a "thru Oirish gintleman."

Semper Idem.*

BY JACK LONDON.



DOCTOR Bicknell was in a remarkably gracious mood. Through a minor accident, a slight bit of carelessness, that was all, a man who might have pulled through had died the preceding night. Though it had been only a sailorman, one of the innumerable unwashed, the steward of the receiving hospital had been on the anxious seat all the morning. It was not that the man had died that gave him discomfort, he knew the Doctor too well for that, but his distress lay in the fact that the operation had been done so well. One of the most delicate in surgery, it had been as successful as it was clever and audacious. All had then depended upon the treatment, the nurses, the steward. And the man had died. Nothing much, a bit of carelessness, yet enough to bring the professional wrath of Doctor Bicknell about his ears and to perturb the workings of the staff and nurses for twenty-four hours to come.

But, as already stated, the Doctor was in a remarkably gracious mood. When informed by the steward, in fear and trembling, of the man's unexpected take-off, his lips did not so much as form one syllable of censure; nay, they were so pursed that snatches of rag-time floated softly from them, to be broken only by a pleasant query after the health of the other's eldest-born. The steward, deeming it impossible that he could have caught the gist of the case, repeated it.

"Yes, yes," Doctor Bicknell said impatiently; "I understand. But how about Semper Idem? Is he ready to leave?"

"Yes. They're helping him dress now," the steward answered, passing on to the round of his duties, content that peace still reigned within the iodine-saturated walls.

It was Semper Idem's recovery which had so fully compensated

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Doctor Bicknell for the demise of the sailorman. Lives were to him as nothing, the unpleasant but inevitable incidents of the profession, but cases, ah, cases were everything. People who knew him were prone to brand him a butcher, but his colleagues were at one in the belief that a bolder and yet a more capable man never stood over the table. He was not an imaginative man. He did not possess, and hence had no tolerance for, emotion. His nature was accurate, precise, scientific. Men were to him no more than pawns, without individuality or personal value. But as cases it was different. The more broken a man was, the more precarious his tenure on life, the greater his significance in the eyes of Doctor Bicknell. He would as readily forsake a poet laureate suffering from a common accident for a nameless, mangled vagrant who defied every law of life by refusing to die, as would a child forsake a Punch and Judy for a circus.

So it had been in the case of *Semper Idem*. The mystery of the man had not appealed to him, nor had his silence and the veiled romance which the yellow reporters had so sensationally and so fruitlessly exploited in divers Sunday editions. But *Semper Idem*'s throat had been cut. That was the point. That was where his interest had centred. Cut from ear to ear, and not one surgeon in a thousand to give a snap of the fingers for his chance of recovery. But, thanks to the swift municipal ambulance service and to Doctor Bicknell, he had been dragged back into the world he had sought to leave so unceremoniously. The Doctor's co-workers had shaken their heads sagely when the case was brought in. Impossible, they said. Throat, windpipe, jugular, all but actually severed, and the loss of blood frightful. As it was such a foregone conclusion, Doctor Bicknell had employed methods and done things which made them, even in their professional capacities, to shudder. And lo! the man had recovered.

So, on this morning that *Semper Idem* was to leave the hospital, hale and hearty, Doctor Bicknell's geniality was in nowise disturbed by the steward's report, and he proceeded cheerfully to bring order out of the chaos of a child's body which had been ground and crunched beneath the wheels of an electric car.

As many will remember, the case of *Semper Idem* aroused a vast deal of unseemly yet highly natural curiosity. He had been

found in a slum lodging, with throat cut as aforementioned, and blood dripping down upon the inmates of the room below and disturbing their festivities. He had evidently done the deed standing, with head bowed forward that he might gaze his last upon a photograph which stood on the table propped against a candlestick. It was this attitude which had made it possible for Doctor Bicknell to save him. So terrific had been the sweep of the razor that had he had his head thrown back, as he should have done to have accomplished the act properly, with his neck stretched and the elastic vascular walls distended, he would have of a certainty well nigh decapitated himself.

At the hospital, during all the time he travelled the repugnant road back to life, not a word had left his lips. Nor could anything be learned of him by the acute sleuths detailed by the chief of police to look up his antecedents. Nobody knew him, or had ever seen or heard of him before. He was strictly, uniquely, of the present. His clothes and surroundings were those of the lowest laborer, his hands the hands of a gentleman. But not a shred of writing was discovered, nothing, save in one particular, which would serve to indicate his past or his position in life.

And that one particular was the photograph. If it were at all a likeness, the woman who gazed frankly out upon the onlooker from the card-mount must have been a striking creature indeed. It was an amateur production, for the detectives were baffled in that no professional photographer's signature or studio were appended. Across a corner of the mount, in delicate feminine tracery, was written: "*Semper idem; semper fidelis.*" And she looked it. Faith, truth, and eternal constancy were there in every feature and welled up unmistakably in the clear eyes. As many recollect, it was a face one could never forget. Clever half-tones, remarkably like, were published in all the leading papers at the time; but such procedure gave rise to nothing but the uncontrollable public curiosity and interminable copy to the space-writers. As a clue it was worse than worthless. It roused the imagination and led the mind away from the tangible.

For want of a better name, the rescued suicide was known to the hospital attendants, and to the world, as *Semper Idem*. And *Semper Idem* he remained. Reporters, detectives and nurses

gave him up in despair. Not one word could he be persuaded to utter; yet the flitting conscious light of his eyes showed that his ears heard and his brain grasped every question put to him.

But this mystery and romance played no part in Doctor Bicknell's interest when he paused in the office to have a parting word with his erstwhile patient. He, the Doctor, had performed a prodigy in the matter of this man, done that which was virtually unprecedented in the annals of surgery. He did not care who or what the man was, and it was highly improbable that he should ever see him again; but, like the artist gazing upon a finished creation, he wished to look for the last time upon the work of his hand and brain.

Semper Idem still remained mute. He seemed anxious to be gone. Not a word could the Doctor extract from him, and little the Doctor cared. He examined the throat of the convalescent carefully, idling over the hideous scar with the lingering, half caressing fondness of a parent. It was not a particularly pleasing sight. An angry line circled the throat, for all the world as though the man had just escaped the hangman's noose, and, disappearing below the ear on either side, had the appearance of completing the fiery periphery at the nape of the neck.

Maintaining his dogged silence, his dark eyes flashing with sombre light, yielding to the other's examination in much the manner of a leashed lion, Semper Idem betrayed his predominant desire to drop from out the sight of the public eye.

"Well, I'll not keep you," Doctor Bicknell finally said, laying a hand on the man's shoulder and stealing a last glance at his own handiwork. "But let me give you a bit of advice. Next time you try it on, hold your chin up, so. Don't snuggle it down and butcher yourself like a cow. Neatness and dispatch, you know. Neatness and dispatch."

Semper Idem's eyes flashed in token that he heard, and a moment later the hospital door swung to on his heel.

It was a busy day for Doctor Bicknell, and the afternoon was well along when he lighted a cigar preparatory to leaving the table upon which it seemed the sufferers almost clamored to be laid. But the last one, an old ragpicker with a broken shoulder-blade, had been disposed of, and the first fragrant smoke-wreaths

had begun to curl about his head, when the gong of a hurrying ambulance came through the open window from the street, followed by the inevitable entry of the stretcher with its ghastly freight.

"Lay it on the table," the Doctor directed, turning for a moment to *cache* his cigar in safety. "What is it?"

"Suicide — throat cut," responded one of the stretcher bearers. "Down on Morgan Alley. Little hope, I think, sir. He's most gone."

"Eh? Well, I'll give him a look anyway." He leaned over the man at the supreme moment when the quick made its last faint flutter and succumbed to the dead.

"It's Semper Idem come back again," the steward said.

"Aye," replied Doctor Bicknell. "No bungling this time. Properly done, upon my life, sir, properly done. Took my advice to the letter. Held his chin up and did the necessary with neatness and dispatch. I'm not required here. Take it along to the morgue."

Doctor Bicknell secured his cigar and relighted it. "That," he said between the puffs, looking at the steward, "that evens up for the one you lost last night. We're quits now."



The writer of this story received a cash prize of \$120 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending March 31, 1900.

The Vase of the Mikado.*

BY A. ERNEST B. LANE.



RYTE JUSTICAN was a collector — a professional collector. He reaped his harvest from remote fields, sown with the flotsam and jetsam of bygone ages.

Often he was sent on very particular missions by enthusiastic amateurs or richly endowed scientific societies, to oozy islands below the equator, sweating disease, to the great poppy fields of China, to the Fiji Islands. Orchids, primitive opium pipes, aboriginal weapons and cannibalistic curios — these were his quest, and there was no dangerous or remote region into which he had not penetrated, no peril which he had not braved — and escaped.

But as yet he had not made the big "find" which is the dream of all collectors. To be the discoverer of something absolutely unique and inimitable means for the collector fame, fortune and a gratification like that of the artist when he brings his work to perfection. Many times he had taken his life in his hands searching for this elusive dream, which is the more fascinating because

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it is formless. He knew the grotesquerie of which Nature is capable, the fantasies which Oriental art makes real, and so his search had all the charm of the inconceivable.

Thus far, however, he had but shared the common lot of collectors, though he certainly deserved better things. Never had he so deeply regretted his non-success as one day when, lounging upon the veranda of a Ceylon coffee planter's house, he reviewed the last months of his life. For it had come about that Kryte Justican had been himself "collected," and by a pair of the sweetest eyes in the world, and was now a labelled specimen in the anthropological collection of a girl in Calcutta. He would have given much to read the label, and everything to know that he was the "unique specimen" for which Miss Linden's wistful eyes had been looking. However, there was a monetary "but" in the matter, so Kryte Justican, who had very fastidious (and perhaps exaggerated) ideas of honor, came away from Calcutta and said nothing. He had thought Miss Linden's expression odd when he said good-bye—had she been any other woman he would have thought it tender—but in her case he dared not. Very soon, too soon, after meeting her, he had said something gallant, and perhaps Miss Linden thought it presumptuous upon such short acquaintance, for she had said, laughing :

"Ah, Mr. Justican, you must not make me such speeches! There is 'Standing room only' in my affections. You are not the man, I think, to stand and pray!"

"No," he said, coolly enough; "I have a sense of the fitness of things—at some shrines I should prefer to kneel."

"Some?" she said—but a faint color belied her impertinence.

"One," he answered directly. His eyes were masterful, but Miss Linden was not easily conquered. She smiled a little, half turned, paused, gave him a look half shy, half mutinous, and wholly adorable, which completely finished him, and then resolutely joined herself persistently to Mrs. Watson.

As Justican thought of this for the hundredth time, he asked himself if she had meant to rebuke his presumption, warn him that she was no longer free (half the eligibles of Calcutta were captives of her chariot), or—happier thought—had he really penetrated her defences and touched her heart, if ever so little?

Musing in this manner, he was rallied by his neglected friend, the planter, who recounted some of his own affairs of the heart.

"I meant the real thing, you brute," said Kryte, laughing half vexedly, the color stealing up under his brown skin.

"Well, you have a plucky lot of cheek!" said the planter. "Have another ricky?"

"No, thanks."

"Come and see my latest importation of famine, then," said the coffee man rising, and the two went to the coolie quarters, where a new batch of emaciated, half-dead Japanese coolies were in the first stage of "building up" on rice water. The wily old Jap padrone who had accompanied them upon their "personally conducted" trip to Ceylon had sailed away as soon as he got them hustled on shore, and his count verified and acknowledged — not waiting for possible complaints as to the condition of the consignment.

"Fine looking lot of cattle!" said the planter. "I can count three weeks' rations dead loss."

"Yes," said Justican; "I'm looking at that old chap over there, who's a regular beauty. He's exactly like a very fine one-piece old ivory carving I've just sent to Christy's. Look at his ribs! And his face like a corrugated mask, and the wrinkles about his ears! Why, man, he might have been the model for the statuette — that's what the habit of centuries does."

Justican seemed quite unaware of the inversion of his comparison. The planter grinned silently, and, when his guest went to talk to the old coolie, shrugged his shoulders and returned to his piazza and his gin rickies.

When the starved Oriental heard himself addressed in his own language and in a scholarly dialect, he prostrated himself and proceeded to make various exaggerated avowals of respect and humbleness to the collector, which after some days were justified by the facts, for the aged Japanese almost succumbed to the after effects of the starvation diet on board the ship, the master of which had contracted to supply so many coolies for the coffee plantation, and who, if he lost on his venture, had at least nothing to reproach himself with as to extravagance in the commissariat.

Undoubtedly, the old coolie might have relinquished all hope of

ever seeing the land of cherry blossoms again, had it not been that Justican devoted himself to thorough nursing.

Thus it came about that when the collector, receiving the mail for which he had been waiting, prepared to start afresh on his mission, the ancient Japanese sent for him and entrusted to him a secret that fairly dazzled Justican — and the imagination of the professional collector is not easily overcome.

Long, long ago, ages before the Christ from whose birth we date our centuries, the Japanese were already skilled in all arts of fabrication. The common things of everyday life were to them things of art. Life itself was less complex, but its components were more beautiful. Gold and lacquer work, ivory, jade and crystal were by these old Japanese wrought to the acme of perfection, but above and beyond all, their achievements with porcelain were supreme. In the course of time much of their wondrous skill was lost, as the exigencies of foreign and civil war distracted their descendants from the arts of peace, but these ancients wrought with porcelain as though it had the properties of a dozen different materials — spun it as though it were silk, carved it like soapstone, imbued it with colors as though it were an absorbent bud from the cotton tree — colors so rich, so pure, so utterly unattainable to us that a tiny vase of peach-blow sells for ten times more thousands than it is inches high — nor was the peach-blow their most precious ware. They did not think lightly of their own achievements, those ancient artificers — and records of notable objects of art were kept in the imperial archives, and from this regal treasury of secrets hints and inklings have filtered forth of marvels made and seemingly lost, long, long since. Then there is scarcely a district in Japan that has not its local tradition, preserved orally, of some hidden or vanished treasure. These Japanese traditions never concern themselves with gold in the concrete — it is always some great bronze or jade image or wonderful crystal ball that excites the avid imagination.

Of all these wonderful tales, the most wonderful and most widely known is the story of the Vases of the Mikado. The tale of two great vases of the inimitable porcelain of their era, perfect and without flaw, made entirely of that peacock iris porcelain (of which we moderns have never seen aught but some tiny broken

fragments), and sunk in a certain spot in the sea, to become crusted with the pearly deposits, the coral growths, the saline tracteries of the deep. If the Japanese worship their ancestors, they certainly do not neglect posterity, for when the vessels were sunk it was intended that they should remain a hundred years — a glorified version of the custom of laying down a pipe of wine at an heir's birth, to be broached at his majority.

But the Mikado who thus laid up treasure for posterity was soon cut off, and his successors were involved in many wars. In process of time, by the mutations of ministries and the evolution of dynasties, the exact location of the Vases of the Mikado was lost, but the tradition of their existence, while growing more attenuated as time passed, remained, and Justican, whose mind was stored with these things, had heard the story. He had seen fragments of common pottery, taken from Japanese waters, which had, indeed, experienced "a sea change into something rich and strange," and the secret which the old coolie had imparted to him was the definite knowledge that one of the Vases of the Mikado was yet in existence, and when he had told this much, he drew from his loin-cloth a little packet wrapped in rice paper, then in the water-proof cloth made from the lake reeds, which, unfolding, displayed an old scrap of parchment, from which depended a silken cord, curiously knotted, and upon which was inscribed the outline map of a portion of the sea coast of Japan. It was the map of a wide, curving bay. To the left was a red symbol, which Justican recognized as the cypher of that long dead Mikado who had been so beneficent to the arts and crafts. A tiny dot marked what the coolie said was the exact location of the Vase. The secret had been in his family for ages, a hereditary treasure, but, ironically enough, valueless to them. For they were of the poorest and never could have possessed themselves of it secretly, and to avow the knowledge of the secret would have been to sell it to the territorial lord at the price of unimaginable tortures.

But in each generation of his family one was bred a diver, that he might descend to see that the treasure of the family was safe. He himself with his own eyes had seen it — standing at the height of a man and of wondrous beauty — but, at the bottom of the sea! The other? It lay in fragments embedded in the sand. The

knots on the silken cord counted the number of paces it was from the point marked by the imperial cypher to the location of the Vase marked by the dot.

When all this had been told, Justican asked the old coolie what reward he wished. He declared that "a smile from His Most High Benevolence" was enough for him, for why should he ask for money, or what gladness was there in it, when he might not go home? Or why should he beg that he be set free of his contract with the coffee sahib and be sent home, if he had not wherewith to buy food when he got there? The plain Occidental meaning of this Oriental inversion was that he wanted liberty to go back to Japan and money enough to keep him when he got there. This Justican promised specifically, whereupon the old coolie said:

"I perceive that I have been talking to one who has the true wisdom."

When they separated, a lean form rose from behind a pile of shallow coffee creels, near where they had had their talk, and, bethinking himself to one who was a professional scribe among the coolies, the listener got from him the materials for writing, and after laboriously inscribing certain lines, came prostrating himself before Justican as to a god, and besought him, saying that he had heard from the old coolie that the Most High was going to the very province whence the most humble and miserable worm now before him had come, and would the Noble One condescend to take the letter (which of a truth the crawling one dare not hand to His Dragonship), forgetting the slave who had written it, but deigning to glance at the name of the August One to whom it was sent, and so on, and so on, until out of the magniloquence Justican gathered that he wished a petition sped on its way to the great man of the neighborhood where he was going, and feeling himself debtor to the whole creation of coolies he cheerfully consented.

So the collector of floating and sunken treasures departed, and it came to pass that in the coolie quarters of a certain coffee plantation in Ceylon two coolies, a young one and an old one, boasted that they would soon be going back to Japan with their fortunes made. Now the younger one grew offensive at last, putting the

tongue in the cheek at the old one and declaring that *he* would be recalled to a position of power at the side of the ruler of the province, and when the wrinkled patriarch heard that he grew suspicious and wily, and presently wormed out of the vainglorious young man that he had sent a letter by Justican. That was enough for the old coolie. He thereupon sought his master, and made a talk to him, explaining the certain defeat of Justican's plans if the young coolie's letter should be delivered, and beseeching him to let Justican know as swiftly as the devil that talks under the sea could convey it.

But the coffee planter was a deliberate man in all save matters of the heart. A cable message is to a letter what Liebig's is to beef, and the planter's brain balked at the effort of producing such a concentration of intelligence. Besides, he was not a collector, and mentally he confused the Vase of the Mikado with the china ornaments on his mantelshelf. So he pacified his anxious serf with many promises — and wrote Justican two mails later.

Justican sailed for Japan with the love of Miss Linden in his heart and the fear of typhoons before his eyes, for it had come about that with each wave that slapped against the ship he found himself calculating the effect of winds and waves upon the precious object which he already mentally called his. Musing always upon the lady and the Vase, their identities became interchangeable, and he strove, as it were, single-mindedly for each. For, given the right to woo, the suit seems half won, and Justican knew that if he got the Vase he would have the right to speak to Miss Linden.

In due season he arrived in Japan, and immediately he took a coaster for the nearest considerable seaport to his destination. Now, one of the most essential qualifications of a successful collector is that he be clever at "covering his tracks," for though "Finding's keeping and keeping's having" in the collector's code of ethics, governments and territorial lords are prone to perverted notions of such matters.

Justican was an adept at "covering his tracks." Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, he sometimes covered them before they were made, as in this instance, when, tarrying in the little seaport to fit out the little ship he had chartered, he gave out that he was

searching for old embroideries, in the fourfold stitch, so famous, and ancient swords.

Now, the chief steward of the over-lord of the province was in the seaport when Justican arrived, come at the bidding of his master to conduct certain singing ladies to the territorial palace, and he conveyed the intelligence of Justican's arrival and his quest, together with the letter from the young coolie in Ceylon, which Justican delivered over to him sealed with a mild glow of benevolent well-doing.

It was not long before the collector had his little ship, *The Rice Bird*, ready. Among his men were two expert divers, engaged, however, in a general capacity, with no apparent regard to their peculiar avocation. When Justican told them to dive they would dive. Till then they took their places with the rest of the crew in whatever was the occupation of the moment.

Justican knew a little of most practical things, and he had block and tackle all ready to be rigged when necessary to raise the Vase. So behold! One fine morning *The Rice Bird* cast anchor in that great bay where the Vase of the Mikado was waiting for the "heir of the ages" who was to possess it.

It was necessary to wait for the full moon, for Justican had no idea of beginning his work in daylight, and no Japanese diver will descend unless the moon be full. The collector had carefully scaled his map of the bay and knew the precise spot to begin.

Meanwhile, he concluded to rake the district for "finds" in the way of antiquities. The district was altogether out of the tourist rut, and Justican got some very good things, notably a three-headed dragon with a flexible scaled body, made after the manner of a suit of armor. These treasures he had transferred immediately to *The Rice Bird*, which was held ready to depart at any hour. The Vase of the Mikado would not be on board ten minutes when the ship would spread her lateen wings and be away. He had known many collectors who had loitered until their purchase becoming known to the over-lord, he had stepped in, confiscated the treasure from the buyer and the price from the seller, and left them both lamenting.

Day by day the people came to the collector's hut on shore to display their wares. Day by day Justican chaffered and chafed,

and night by night he watched the slowly rounding moon and thanked his stars that the old coolie's map was so particularized, for this bay, with its sandy reaches, its monotonous background of sombre-shafted pines, its imperceptible gradations from inlet to sea line, would have taken more than one night's searching — more than a week's or a month's — ere he could have located the Vase. As it was, he had *The Rice Bird* anchored over the spot on the bay corresponding to the Imperial cypher on the map. He had but to sail so far, put his man over the side, pull up the Vase, get away — and then — the girl with gray eyes at Calcutta.

The moon was near the full when, one morning, a messenger came to him. There was, it seemed, a certain nobleman in the neighborhood who had fallen upon evil days, yet he would not have it known abroad. He had a great store of armor, embroidery, paintings on silk paper, and old ivories. Some of these he might sell, did the foreign nobleman care to come to see them. Part with them he might, but hawk them to Justican's hut he could not. Still, if the foreign nobleman cared to see them, he would be conducted safely by the trusty messenger, who, having spoken, stood in his scant, snow-white linen, his head humbly bowed, his straw sandals together at "attention," for he had spoken with Justican outside the hut, and so had not removed his foot covering.

In three minutes Justican was following his guide between the brown trunks of the pine trees, upon the bark of which the process of growth had left marks like a carven geometrical design. They went on and on, by a winding and ever narrowing way, across a little lagoon where irises grew and where herons and scarlet ibis seemed to regard them as trespassers, and then they came to a typical Japanese garden, with artificial lakelets, miniature mountains, tiny pagodas, in the arches of which hung cunningly tuned chimes of bells; fountains poured from the mouths of dragons, with rainbow fish swimming in their basins; trees, twisted and stunted into mere living knots, and, in the midst of this, an eight-sided pagoda of porcelain, into which Justican was ushered, finding there an elderly Japanese in gorgeous array, waiting to receive him.

The room was octagonal, following the configuration of the pagoda. There were evidently more stories above, and this one was

not lighted from the sides but from above, a flood of light coming down through pellucid glass. About this octagonal room were hung the most exquisite embroideries. Here and there were stands of ancient armor, and grotesque war masks grinned from the wall. Ivory tusks, carved to represent the pilgrimage of life with all its incidents, stood on pedestals of jade, and a glorious globe of flawless crystal caught the descending light and flashed it forth again to each corner of the room. Justican paid scant heed, it must be said, to the courtesies and formal greetings of the elderly Japanese — his educated eye was appraising the treasures about him. Above all, a very ancient *nooriman* took his eye. This Japanese palanquin was of lacquer without, while within it was lined with hand-woven brocade of pale mauve wistaria blossoms and red-billed swallows. It had great bearing poles adorned with rings of silver, and the torch socket and corners were bound with the same metal, not riveted but hammered into place.

Justican bargained for it, and got it for a price that made him mentally give thanks. The elderly Japanese seemed pleased with his choice, too, but suddenly, giving signs of annoyance and exclaiming against the negligence of his people in not bringing refreshments, he left the pagoda, closing the door.

The antiquarian was delighted with the opportunity of examining the hangings, but, after minutely scrutinizing one, he found himself rather oppressed. It occurred to him that his host was a long time away, and that the room was close. He looked for the door, but an embroidered hanging concealed it, and he could not remember which of the eight walls held the panel. He had a strange desire to breathe fresh air, and started toward where he thought the door must be. Midway he swayed and would have fallen, had he not caught at the *nooriman*. His eyes were smarting and there was an acrid taste in his mouth; he felt a strange numbness stealing over him.

He asked himself the reason for this, and all at once he *knew*. He had been betrayed; he was being suffocated by one of those vaporous poisons of which the Japanese and the Burmese alone know the secret. He was in an air-tight chamber. If they left him long enough he would die like a mouse under an exhaust tube — he remembered once seeing such an experiment.

But why was this? Then his dulling and wavering thoughts centred upon the map. That was it! Yet, how had they known? He heard the murmur of many voices — there was in his head the sound as of a hundred grinding millstones which, as they turned, seemed to strike off sparks that darted before his eyes and dazzled them.

This was the end, then — and a whimsical thought shaped itself: “Exit, amid fireworks!” In that flash of intelligence which, for the fraction of a second, intervenes between delusion and lethargy, he saw the door open and a dozen brown faces peer in. He thought, defiantly, “They shall *not* have the Vase of the Mikado!” Then he fell, his last thrill of consciousness being a strange and incoherent sense of triumph, which abode with him till he awoke.

He awoke with a sea breeze blowing away the fumes of poison, awoke smothered by pale mauve wistaria blossoms, through whose racemes flitted red-billed swallows. After a dizzy moment or two he realized that he was in the ancient *nooriman*, that his brown-faced body-servant peered between the curtains, that the salt-water smell of the wide sea was in his nostrils.

He stretched out his hand — his arm was stiff and the joints worked grudgingly — and the servant helped to drag him out of the *nooriman*, though at one time he seemed like to burst it open and ruin it with his broad shoulders. He staggered as he tried to stand upright, and would have fallen but for the servant, but as his smarting eyes looked again upon the world, a very Berserker rage possessed him, for *The Rice Bird* was out at sea, the sun was sinking, and the bay in which they had been anchored was far, far behind!

Then it was that the ship captain, trembling before the rage and the curses that Justican poured forth, came and explained, saying that His Honor had been borne aboard by the servants of the Lord of the Province in the *nooriman*. That the servants had given also their Lord’s orders that *The Rice Bird* take wing at once, nor ever show herself in these waters again. That the Lord of the Province knew nothing of the Foreign Lord, save that in having a cup of saki with him he had fallen into a strange stupor, and out of the goodness of his heart the Lord of the Province had sent

his bearers with him to the ship. "Whereupon," said the captain, "the bearers departed, and we also, having no voice to guide us save the voice of the great Lord, came away, for, let His Honor mark, we knew not whether he were alive or dead and gone to his thrice illustrious ancestors, but — this very virtuously — we said one to another, 'We will not so much as profane the person of the Most High Lord by the touch of our unworthy fingers, nay, if he be dead and stink and breed a pestilence among us, yet will we hold our hands that they may see we have not done harm to the Most Illustrious —'"

But Justican, raving, drove them from him, and wrestled with the devil of his disappointment alone in his ransacked cabin. For there was no hope now, the map was gone — it were useless to attempt to get this crew to turn back. Besides, long ere this, doubtless, the Vase of the Mikado was safe in the possession of the Lord of the Province. But how — how had he guessed the stranger's object, when for years the map had been hidden unsuspected in the poorest house in his province? The answer to this puzzle Justican discovered when he got back to port and found the coffee planter's letter at the consulate.

Justican was hard hit. There were crow's feet about his blue eyes and a bitter set of the lip under his tow moustache as he packed up his swords and embroideries, the three-headed dragon and the ancient *nooriman*, and sent them off to Christy's. The thought which, of all others, most tormented him was that he himself had borne the young coolie's missive of betrayal, and put it into the mail pouch of the Lord of the Province.

.

It was three years later. Kryte Justican was *en route* to Scotland to classify a collection of pottery bequeathed to a museum. Pottery made him muse on the one great opportunity of his life which Fate had caused him to miss. When he left Japan after that *fiasco*, he took with him two definite resolves — one to reward the old coolie according to his intentions, not according to their outcome — the other to go once more to Calcutta, spend a few days in worship, and then say good-bye to Miss Linden, a programme which he proceeded to carry out, save in one not unimportant particular.

He went to Ceylon, saw the old coolie safe on board a ship bound for Japan with a sum which seemed to him riches, and saw on the face of the young coolie as he, too, watched the receding ship, a sickening look of "hope deferred" which checked the natural desire to do him bodily harm. It in no degree raised his estimation of the Japanese Lord, who evidently had no intention of rewarding the poor wretch who had written to put a priceless treasure within his reach.

There remained the farewell to Miss Linden. Justican went to Calcutta and spent a number of blissful days, his heart in his eyes as he watched the object of his adoration. A certain timorousness had replaced her gay defiance. But he, like many worse men, had "principles," and he was determined to live down his own heart and live up to them, and so one day he went to say good-bye to Miss Linden.

He found her on a piazza overrun and shaded by a tropical creeper with roseate, lily-like flowers. They talked and the collector told of his projected voyage to Patagonia, and Miss Linden listened and smiled — though after that a deeper note seemed to sound in her voice — and then he rose to say farewell.

"Good-bye," he said, and his eyes added eloquently those things which he would not say.

"Good-bye," she replied, and laid her hand in his.

They looked at each other. In his face was unspeakable yearning. On hers — could it be? — reproach.

Then, slowly but unmistakably, her eyes filled with tears. It needed but that. In half a second she was in his arms, and they were vowed to each other.

Two years and six months later they were no nearer marriage than before. Justican was here, there and everywhere. She was in Calcutta or Simla, much run after, but loyal.

Justican thought of these things, and almost groaned, as he again remembered that fatal slip twixt the cup and his lip. Next day, as he strolled through the Scottish museum where his expert knowledge was to be employed, he suddenly halted in the Japanese Room, for there, reposing in a conspicuous place, was a silver-mounted, lacquered *nooriman*, with lining and curtains damasked with wistaria blossoms and red-billed swallows. A

card conveyed the information that it had been presented to the museum by the Duke of Strathross.

As Justican stood musing by the *nooriman* in which he had taken that ignominious ride, there revived in him the memories of that ill-starred day. Once more the deadly sickness and physical numbness chained him to the spot; once more a lethargy beclouded his reason; again he heard the murmur of voices; again, by a supreme effort, he resolved to balk his enemies in their search for the map. Mechanically, like an automaton controlled by some external but superior power, he put forth his hand, slid it into the silver-bound torch socket, and —

The antiquarian emerged from his trance, trembling like a leaf in a storm, for there in his fingers was something at which he dared not look for very joy, while subconscious memory, spanning the years and the gulf of oblivion, whispered to him how, by a final struggle of the entrapped intelligence, he had had wit enough to conceal the invaluable map in the torch socket of the *nooriman* — and there it was! The unaccountable sense of triumph which he had felt for a second was explained — intellect had been numbly rejoicing at its success.

Kryte Justican went back to Japan, and, independent of Japanese boats or boatmen, found and brought away the Vase of the Mikado. But all the world of art knows of that, knows of the enormous price paid for it, and of how it stands in the grand *salon* of one of the White Tsar's great palaces, guarded night and day.

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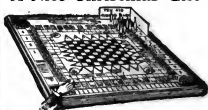
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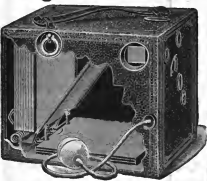
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A genius of Cincinnati has placed on the market a Vapor Bath Cabinet that has proven a blessing to every man, woman and child who has used it. It is an air-tight, rubber-walled room, in which one rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, enjoys all the marvelous, cleansing, beautifying and curative elements of the famous Turkish, Russian, Sulphur, Hot Air or Vapor Baths, perfumed or medicated if desired, at home, in your own room, for 8 cents each. Water Baths simply wash the surface. This Cabinet Vapor Bath, perfectly safe both Summer and Winter, opens the 6,000,000 pores of the skin, sweats out all the poisons and effete matter

which causes disease, cleanses you inwardly and outwardly, purifies your blood, makes your eyes bright, your skin clear, your nerves strong, sleep sound, appetite good.

Astonishing is the improvement in health by its use. Hundreds of Physicians have given up their practice to sell it. Thousands of letters have been written the inventors from users, showing its wonderful power.

Mr. A. R. Stockham, Chicago, editor "Tobacology," recommends it highly, as also does John W. Fritchard, publisher "Christian Nation," N. Y. City; the well-known evangelist, Rev. J. Howard Gardner; Hon. Chauncey M. Depew; Rev. C. M. Keith, editor "Holloman Advocate;" Horatio Page, of "New York Weekly Witness;" and "Gabbash Reading;" C. E. Sherrin, of "World-Wide Mission," and thousands of others.

Mrs. Anna Woodrum, Thurman, Iowa, afflicted 10 years, was promptly cured of Nervous Prostration, Stomach, Kidney and Female Troubles, after medicine and doctors had failed. She recommends it to every woman as a God-sent blessing.

G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., was compelled to quit business, walked on crutches, drags and doctors failed, his Rheumatism was relieved by the first bath, entirely cured in 14 days.

Ira Gleason, a prominent citizen of Minn., cured himself of Lumbago, and his friends of Blood and Skin Diseases, Kidney Affections, Nervousness, Piles, etc., and made \$1,577.00 selling this Cabinet in 30 months. No reader can afford to be without this cabinet for a single day.

The makers guarantee results and assert positively, as do thousands of users, that this Cabinet will Purify the Blood, cure Nervousness, Weakness, Aches, Pains, Colds and Rheumatism (they offer \$50.00 reward for a case not relieved). Cures Sleeplessness, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Headaches, Indigestion, Piles, Dropsy, all Blood, Skin, Liver, Kidney and Urinary troubles. Has wonderful power to prevent and cure ailments peculiar to Ladies.

A Face and Head Steamer Attachment is furnished if desired, which cleanses the skin, beautifies the complexion, removes Pimples, Black-heads, Eruptions, and is a sure cure for all Skin Diseases, Eczema, Catarrh, Acne, Bronchitis, and throat troubles.

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The price is wonderfully low only \$5.00, complete with stove for heating, formulas for herbs, and various ailments, and plain directions. Face Steamer, \$1.00 extra.

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